

In Spain the Ministerialists, or the supporters of Sagasta, have made a clean sweep. The followers of Castelar, or the moderate Republicans, and those of Moret, or the independent Democrats, stand ready to support the ministry against the Radicals under Zorrilla and the Conservatives under Castillo. On questions of governmental policy the country is evidently with the Liberal party, now in control of the ministry.

Old King Thebaw, of Burma, credited last year with a wholesale slaughter of his relatives, had recently the icebergs of the southern hemisphere are much larger than those of the northern and frequently attain height of 1,000 feet.

An old horse, belonging to a Mr. Saunders at Fishkill Landing, came out of his owner's barn a few days since and stood for a few minutes looking out upon the water. He then went back, and in a few moments came out again, went deliberately to the water, waded into the cove that is enclosed by the Hudson River Railroad track, swam through the culvert under the railroad and out into the channel of the river. A man working on the New England railroad pile-driver saw the manœuvre of the horse, and, putting out in a small boat, brought him back. On reaching the shore the horse persistently refused to go on dry land. He lay down in the water, floundered about and apparently tried his best to drown himself by keeping his head under water. This he accomplished in water not deep enough to cover his body.—*Exchange.*

The auditor general has compiled from the records in his office, some statistics of interest as indicating the increase in wealth of the state. The progress of clearing and improving land is shown by the record of acres assessed at the different periods of equalization as follows:

1850.....12,167,811
1851.....12,167,811
1852.....12,167,811
1853.....12,167,811
1854.....12,167,811
1855.....12,167,811
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1875.....12,167,811
1876.....12,167,811
1877.....12,167,811
1878.....12,167,811
1879.....12,167,811
1880.....12,167,811

The assessed acreage of the state, it will be seen, has nearly doubled in 20 years. The total valuation of the state as equalized by the state board has been as follows for the different periods mentioned.

1850.....\$ 8,976,270
1851.....12,962,474
1852.....13,763,096
1853.....17,463,808
1854.....20,455,896
1855.....22,965,842
1856.....25,000,000
1857.....26,000,000
1858.....27,000,000
1859.....28,000,000
1860.....29,000,000
1861.....30,000,000
1862.....31,000,000
1863.....32,000,000
1864.....33,000,000
1865.....34,000,000
1866.....35,000,000
1867.....36,000,000
1868.....37,000,000
1869.....38,000,000
1870.....39,000,000
1871.....40,000,000
1872.....41,000,000
1873.....42,000,000
1874.....43,000,000
1875.....44,000,000
1876.....45,000,000
1877.....46,000,000
1878.....47,000,000
1879.....48,000,000
1880.....49,000,000

In 1888 England proposes (Provided and Parnell permitting) to celebrate the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish armada, and a movement is already on foot for raising funds to build a monument in commemoration of the deeds of Sir Francis Drake. If the Spaniards had succeeded in making a landing in Britain, no doubt the course of history would have been greatly changed, and his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain might now be ruling England, through a pro consul at Dublin. But they did not land. There were too many Englishmen in the way.

A party of gentlemen and ladies including Sir John Mowbray, Lady Mowbray and their daughter, were recently escorted by Mr. George M. Pullman to the thriving village near Chicago which bears his name and which is owned and managed by the Pullman Association. About \$2,000,000 have been expended in the development of the town thus far, and the work of building is going forward with great activity. The association owns about 4,000 acres, and Mr. Pullman says: "We will not sell an acre under any circumstances, and we will only lease to parties whom we are well satisfied will conform with our ideas in developing the place. We will not allow any saloons or drinking resorts in the town. We must be able to cultivate the better nature of our workmen. In short, we shall do everything that is possible to improve them. My idea has always been that it was to the employer's interest to see that his men are clean, contented, sober, educated and happy. They make better workmen, and they develop the employer's industries more. I shall try to benefit humanity where it is in my power to do so. Here we shall have every attribute of a town accomplished; and I hope to be able to provide each and every attraction that can be desired—churches, schools, gymnasia, reading-rooms, etc."

In the census year there were employed at the collieries 68,239 hands, of whom 28.7 per cent. were miners, 69.5 were laborers above ground, and 1.8 comprised the administrative force. The total wages paid were \$21,680,120. The average yearly income of each man was \$359.08, and his average monthly income \$43.33. On an average, the employers worked 70.99 per cent. of the year, while 28.60 per cent. was lost by stoppages and only 0.72 per cent. by strikes. The last item shows that the relation between employees are much more harmonious than heretofore. The increase of force employed over 1870—20.4 per cent.—consists largely of boys under sixteen years of age, at work above ground. The number of adult employees has increased but 20 per cent. The coal-lands which are reported as being worked amount to 154,852 acres, valued at \$102,614,844—an average valuation of \$662.47 per acre. Of the total number, 13,852 are reported as having been worked over; the lower seams of coal, however, even in this area have not yet been touched. An additional area of 53,385 acres of coal-land is held in reserve by the companies. On the extremely conservative supposition that only 27 per cent. of the contents of the anthracite coal-field can be mined and marketed, it is estimated that the production of anthracite, under 1880, will reach 4,009,640,000 net tons before the field is exhausted. This would indicate that the production of the census year could be maintained for 145 years.

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

VOL. III.

OWOSSO, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16 1881.

NO. 18.

OUR CITY FARMERS.

If you desire to rank among the public's pets and charmers, you ought to join without delay the club of city farmers. In farming lore they all are versed, For science widely noted, And for the weather wisdom, too, To which they are devoted. They never have less of a task, And never learn a furrow, But in respect of theory Their practice is quite thorough. They know just when to mow the corn, And when to pick potatoes, And when to graft the pumpkin trees, And when to dig tomatoes. They can instruct the farmer's wife Concerning bugs that plague plants, In making soups of roasting ears, And hatching out her egg plants. Quite liberally they can describe How cheese is got by churning; But how the cows give butter milk Is quite beyond their learning. They can discourse on breeding fish To fill the wastes of coast, And still find time to air their thoughts About perpetual motion. Of farming life they are the soul, The thinkers, not the actors, And humbly believe themselves The people's benefactors.

—N. Y. Sun.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1811 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 23rd of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him, Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible. The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?" "We sail right off as soon as possible, madam." "O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Viscasset, where he belongs, and where his parents will take care of it." "But my good woman, I shan't go to Viscasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up." "Where is the body?" asked Tucker. "In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising one corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money, with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it." The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he did not like the idea of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. But it may have been prejudice on their part, but the seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Ever long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assisted her to the bunk, where she lay her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude, and remarked before she retired she should like to see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold. "I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on 'dearly'!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans. "I've noticed what my eye she's got?" continued Carter. "No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears." "My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass,"

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and then went down to the cabin. When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments and then went aft. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail, and she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger. Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes sport, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman. "Thank'e, ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll—ugh!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above-mentioned. Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck. "Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in'?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course!" "Blow me! so I am," said the man bringing the helm smartly apart. But say, didn't you notice any thing peculiar about the old 'oman'?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore," so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner. "It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin' her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to take the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck by what he had heard, but, with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he sat coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seemed to be sleeping. Tucker returned, and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he. "Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief afoot below, and he called upon a screw-driver. The moon soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great Heavens! burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunder-clap from the tongue of young Dan. "God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan. The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood; upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four bucketsful into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no, my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin first."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin; walking up to the bunk, where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged it away, and she came out upon the deck. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away; the gown came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and, as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued,

with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck, and lashed to the main-rigging. "What a horrid death that villain meant for us!" uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, "with a shudder. 'He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbing' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his eyes. A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of mischief gleaming there. He hesitated a moment, then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well, I can't blame them. If the murderous villain has gone to his death, he's only met a fate which he deserved."

Bells in Belgium.

At the present time the country most celebrated for its large and varied collection of bells, in addition to its other interesting associations, is Belgium—a fact realized by comparatively few tourists when they come to investigate its queer old towns. But if the subject is once studied, the pleasure to be derived from a sojourn here is greatly enhanced.

This land of bells is famous for its bell-founders, particularly those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Van den Ghysen, Henneker, and Dumery lived. Of these three, Dumery attained the greatest eminence, constructing, amongst numerous other works, the Mechin chimnes and the greater number of the Antwerp bells.

The cathedral at Antwerp contains sixty-five bells, besides the carillon and five other bells of great antiquity; of these latter the two principal ones are the curfew, and the carolus, given by Charles V., which is only rung twice in the year, and requires sixteen men to pull it. This bell was exceedingly costly, being composed of silver, copper, and gold, and valued at the sum of \$100,000; the action of the clapper has worn away the sides a good deal. Dumery was the founder of the Bruges carillon, which consists of forty bells and one large dourdon.

Looking over the Belgian plains from the belfry of Notre Dame at Antwerp (the spire of which is 423 feet high from the foot of the tower), a magnificent panoramic view is obtained; no less than 125 steeples can be counted, including Mechin Cathedral and St. Gudule at Brussels, and from these belfries carillons are wafted on the air, playing the most melodious of bells, and during the hours as they pass in a musical manner. It is quite a mistake to suppose that bells rung every seven minutes is an interruption; their constant recurrence is found to give life and vivacity to these quaint old cities, besides penetrating into the heart of the country, and around which, in a wonderful manner, a residence here, how the familiar music is missed when no longer heard.

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At Verona Mills the wind was so strong that Mr. Ballentine and wife were picked up and blown 15 or 20 yards. A woman and her husband were found lying against a tree dead, the woman being partly delivered of a child.

William Humphrey, a mail carrier between Argyle and Elmer, started on his route Monday. Midway he was stopped by the flames, and unhitched his horse from the wagon. Mounting his horse with the mail bags he turned hastily back. The horse found its way back to Argyle without mail-bag or rider. A tag was tied to his mane and he was argued back over his usual route. He reached Elmer, but Humphrey's body was found burned in the woods in one place and the half consumed mail bag in another.

A poor woman in Austin township endeavored to save herself and children by digging a hole and covering as best she could with her hands. They were all subsequently found dead. The little ones had their heads burned off to the shoulders.

A man driving through Huron county directly after the spread of the fire, reported that he saw five women sitting naked, each carrying a child.

One party from White Rock saw two little children leading an old man who had been blinded by smoke and fire who had under his arm the burned remains of a little child quite naked.

At Cato a widow and five children got down a well, where they died from suffocation.

The following graphic description of the situation in Huron county was received by a Detroit firm:

WHITE ROCK, Huron Co., Mich., Sept. 7.—As I wish to let the people of Detroit know the situation and condition of the inhabitants of this part of Huron county that have been burnt out by the late fires, I thought I would write you a few lines and give you a description of what I have seen in my travels to-day. For the past month

THE GREAT DISASTER.

The week following the 5th inst will never be forgotten in Michigan. The widespread destruction caused by the flames in 1871 were entirely discounted by the conflagration that has just swept over Sanilac, Huron, Tuscola, and parts of Genesee, Saginaw and Montcalm counties. As nearly as can be learned the fire originated in the mistaken method adopted by farmers to clear their lands. For weeks a no rain had fallen and the following and vegetation was in a parched state, and when the match was once applied the flames spread before a driving wind and were soon beyond control. Thousands of acres were soon involved, and the lurid flames, carrying their fury overleaped all bounds, carrying death and desolation everywhere.

Every effort was made to save isolated dwellings and collected settlements, but one and all were rapidly swept away. Thousands of people were separated from their homes, and the trunks and heated fields. As the flames subsided bodies of human beings and domestic animals were found lying by the roadside and scattered through the blackened fields, where they had been overtaken by the fire or suffocated by the super-heated atmosphere. In the denser forest districts the wall of flame arose until it seemed to lap the very heavens. As the flames became denser a dense veil of smoke overhung the earth, obscuring the sun and making the mid-day as dark as night. The roar of the approaching conflagration was heard for miles and was like the sound of terrific and rapidly nearing thunder and a deep feeling of terror fell upon those who were superstitiously disposed. It is impossible to depict the scenes of horror and suffering that were upon every hand. A few instances must suffice.

In the town of Argyle the saddest was that of one family of the name of Weitzell, where the mother, five children and a brother, who had hastened to the rescue, were found dead. Here the committee found the bereaved father and one only child, a bright little fellow of 9 years, mourning over seven rough board boxes that contained the charred remains of what had been once so dear to them. It seemed that the family, having fought fire as long as there remained one ray of hope, endeavored to make their escape, but found themselves hemmed in on all sides and perished there in the road.

At Forestville a woman locked up her house with two children inside and for help, but when she returned both house and children were burned.

A man went into a burning house and took two children from the bed, carried them two or three miles, and as they were passing through exhaustion had to leave them. Some one carried them two miles further through smoke and flame, wearied out, and left them by the roadside, where they perished.

A farmer who was plowing with his oxen a few miles from Sand Beach, perceiving the approaching darkness, started for his house. Reaching there he found that his wife had gone to a neighbor's. He took two children and gave three others in charge of his oldest daughter. Before traveling many rods they found themselves cut off by the flames. He turned in another direction and escaped with two children; the three children and the daughter were found the next day all in a heap and charred beyond recognition.

At Richmondville, a family of seven persons named Thornton sought shelter in a well, and were suffocated by the smoke. When found they lay in a heap in the water, their hair scalded off and part of their bodies scorched and apparently cooked.

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fires have been burning throughout this county, without doing much damage until last Monday. On Monday morning at 10:30 the smoke became so thick that the sun became obscured, and by 12 m. the darkness became impenetrable. It was by this time as dark as midnight, and we could not distinguish any person or object at the distance of 10 feet. I made up my mind there was trouble brewing for us, and I immediately shut up our works and prepared to fight fire. We were very fortunate, as the fire did not come any nearer than half a mile of our village. After keeping watch 48 hours incessantly without sleep, the wind changed to the north and cleared up the smoke, and I then got a "rig," and taking along some provisions, started west, and made for the township of Paris, and through that part of it that suffered the most. It is almost impossible to describe to you the ravages the fire has made in this township.

Travelled miles where every farmer's burnt out. I went four miles on a road, and every building, fence, and almost every head of stock are destroyed.

On this road there have been 15 lives lost. I met one ox team and wagon on this road containing three rough board boxes with eight corpses enclosed. The man that was along was the only mourner, walking behind the wagon, following his wife and five children to the grave, they having been burned to death.

Another family of five children and a brother, who had hastened to the rescue, were found dead. Here the committee found the bereaved father and one only child, a bright little fellow of 9 years, mourning over seven rough board boxes that contained the charred remains of what had been once so dear to them. It seemed that the family, having fought fire as long as there remained one ray of hope, endeavored to make their escape, but found themselves hemmed in on all sides and perished there in the road.

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The following graphic description of the situation in Huron county was received by a Detroit firm:

WHITE ROCK, Huron Co., Mich., Sept. 7.—As I wish to let the people of Detroit know the situation and condition of the inhabitants of this part of Huron county that have been burnt out by the late fires, I thought I would write you a few lines and give you a description of what I have seen in my travels to-day. For the past month

fires have been burning throughout this county, without doing much damage until last Monday. On Monday morning at 10:30 the smoke became so thick that the sun became obscured, and by 12 m. the darkness became impenetrable. It was by this time as dark as midnight, and we could not distinguish any person or object at the distance of 10 feet. I made up my mind there was trouble brewing for us, and I immediately shut up our works and prepared to fight fire. We were very fortunate, as the fire did not come any nearer than half a mile of our village. After keeping watch 48 hours incessantly without sleep, the wind changed to the north and cleared up the smoke, and I then got a "rig," and taking along some provisions, started west, and made for the township of Paris, and through that part of it that suffered the most. It is almost impossible to describe to you the ravages the fire has made in this township.

Travelled miles where every farmer's burnt out. I went four miles on a road, and every building, fence, and almost every head of stock are destroyed.